

AA0001731843



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



California  
Regional  
Library

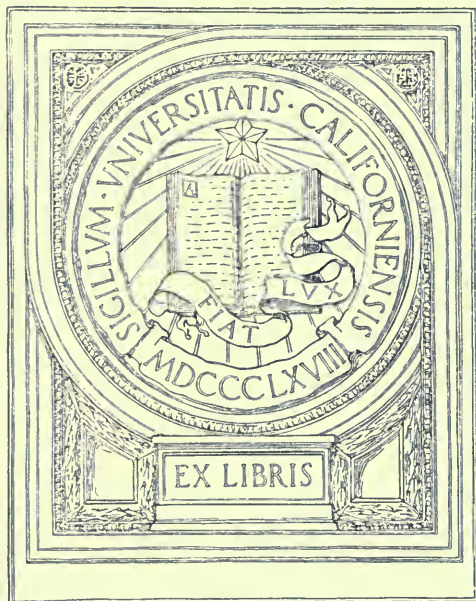
\*PR

3467

F91

cop.2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/fribbleriad00garrial>

THE  
FRIBBLERIA D.

*Fæmina, Vir, Neutrum.*

PUL. in HERMOPH.



---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. COOTE, at the King's-Arms, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXI.

[ Price One Shilling. ]

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891



# ADVERTISEMENT.

**B**E it known unto you, gentle or ungentle reader, that the author of the following poem is a volunteer in the service, or rather a poetical knight errant, who, according to the oath taken at the late installation, is *exhorted and admonished* (by *Apollo* to be sure) *to use his sword in defence of all equity and justice to the utmost of his power*. His brother *Quixote*, of immortal memory, try'd his prowess upon Sheep and Windmills—Our champion does very near the same; and calls forth to the field an *unknown* knight, who has the formidable X, Y, Z, in his train.—And that he may not be thought to engage with too great odds on his side, he opposes to them his own *three trusty squires*, A, B, C, who are resolved to stand by

him, and fight all the weapons through, from Epic Poetry to Epigram, as long as there is a letter left standing in the *English* alphabet — and now, Mr. *Churchill* may know, that there is

— A *Quixote* of the age will dare,  
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air.

When the aforefaid *unknown* knight shall please to appear with his *beaver up*, he may expect that our adventurer will shew *his face* too. — In the mean time, we will divert him in our turn with a little *bush*-fighting, which he has been endeavouring to entertain the town with, for more than a twelvemonth past.

It is therefore proper to inform thee, reader, for as yet perhaps thou hast not heard of it, that there is a certain weekly paper, called the *Craftsman* still existing, if it may be call'd existence to crawl about from week to week, and be kept alive by those last resources of hungry ingenuity, falsehood and defamation. In this said paper a *certain gentleman* who subscribes himself

X, Y, Z,

X, Y, Z, a volunteer too in the service, has thrown about his dirt in a most extraordinary manner, and has attacked our stage hero, with unwearied malevolence both in his public and private character ; but indeed his rancour being too much for his wit, he has let his heart indulge itself at the expence of his head, and has most imprudently made assertions in the bitterness of his spirit, which can be contradicted by ev'ry attender upon the theatre. — It would be endless and out of place here to point out his want of taste, and even common truth, in his account of the manner of Mr. *Garrick's* speaking and acting in his various characters ;, of his most ungentlemanlike, as well as unjust abuse of his person, voice, age, &c, &c, &c ; for there is no kind of meanness, as *Montaigne* well observes, that a true malignant spirit will not descend to. — To give one instance among a thousand of his upright intentions — This worthy gentleman, Mr. X, Y, Z, not content with exposing his impotent malice weekly to the publick, was at the pains and expence to collect his papers into one volume, and ev'n send 'em to some of Mr. *Garrick's* Friends, least the

the obscurity and disreputation of the paper, in which they first made their appearance, should have kept his malice totally a secret — The *Reviewers* gave their sentiments of this curious collection, in the following manner —

“ These are the overflowings of spleen, ignorance, conceit, and disappointment.” *Crit. Rev. Jan. 1761.*

“ The design of publishing these *important* pieces of criticism, is, to prevent the *sad misfortune* of their sinking into oblivion with a last year’s news-paper. If we believe the author, all the praises that have hitherto been given to Mr. *Garrick*, as an actor, are so entirely without foundation, that “ he never did, “ nor never could, speak ten successive lines of “ *Shakespeare* with grammatical propriety.” This is an assertion so contrary to the opinion of many better critics than this author shews himself to be, and in reality so opposite to truth, that it is alone sufficient to invalidate all his reasonings upon the subject.” *Monthly Rev. Dec. 1760.*

It

It would take up too much time at present to exhibit our hero X, Y, Z, in all his proper colours, we shall leave that task to a much abler hand, who will very soon more fully detect and expose him and his designs. — But to return to our poem —

It may properly be called an *Iliad* in a *nutshell*; For though it does not consist of many more than 400 lines, it contains all the essential epic properties, — the plan, sentiments, character, diction, moral, metre, and even the heroes themselves, all in miniature. —

The following epigram printed in the Ledger, was the corner-stone of the whole, and furnished us with ideas of the redoubted *Fizgig*, the *Achilles* of the *Fribbleriad* —

To X, Y, Z.

Indeed most severely poor *Garrick* you handle,  
Not bigots damn more with their bell, book and candle;  
Tho'



Tho' you with the town about him disagree,  
 He joins with the town in their judgment of thee :  
 So dainty, so dev'lish, is all that you scribble,  
 Not a soul but can see 'tis the spite of a *Fribble* ;  
 And all will expect you, when forth you shall come,  
 With a *round smirking face*, and a *jut with your bum*.

If X, Y, Z, is really such a thing, as here represented, he is most welcome to the honour we have done him ; if he is *not*, he may thank his own malignant disposition, that made it natural to suppose, that such poor spite could proceed from no one, who was not in his person, manners, mind and heart an arrant  
 FRIBBLE.



THE  
FRIBBLER IAD.

WHO is this Scribbler, X, Y, Z?  
Who still writes on, tho' little read?  
Whose falshood, malice, envy, spite,  
So often grin, yet feldom bite?  
Say, *Garrick*, does he write for bread,  
This *friend* of yours, this X, Y, Z?  
For pleasure fure, not bread — 'twere vain  
To write for that he ne'er could gain:  
No calls of nature to excuse him,  
He deals in rancour to amuse him;

B

A

A *Man* it seems—'tis hard to say —  
 A *Woman* then ? — a moment pray —  
 Unknown as yet by sex or feature,  
 Suppose we try to guess the creature ;  
 Whether a *wit*, or a *pretender* ?  
 Of *masculine* or *female* gender ?

Some things it does may pass for either,  
 And some it does belong to neither :  
 It is so fibbing, flandering, spiteful,  
 In phrase so dainty, so delightful ;  
 So fond of all it reads and writes,  
 So waggish when the maggot bites :  
 Such spleen, such wickedness, and whim,  
*It* must be *Woman*, and a *Brim*.  
 But then the learning and the Latin !  
 The ends of *Horace* come so pat in,  
 And wanting wit, it makes such shift,  
 To fill up gaps with *Pope*, and *Swift*,  
 As cunning housewives bait their traps,  
 And take their game with bits and scraps ;

For

For playhouse critics, keen as mice,  
 Are ever greedy, never nice;  
 And rank abuse, like toasted cheese,  
 Will catch as many as you please.  
 In short 'tis easily discerning,  
 By here and there a patch of learning,  
 The creature's *Male* — say all we can,  
 It must be something *like* a man —  
 What, like a man, from day to shrink,  
 And seek revenge with pen and ink?  
 On mischief bent, his name conceal,  
 And like a toad in secret steal,  
 There swell with venom inward pent  
 Till out he crawls to give it vent.  
*Hate* join'd with *Fear* will shun the light,  
 But *Hate* and *Manhood* fairly fight —  
 'Tis manhood's mark to face the foe,  
 And not in ambush give the blow;  
 The Savage thus, less man than beast,  
 Upon his foe will fall and feast,  
 From bush, or hole, his arrows send,  
 To wound his prey, then tear and rend;

For fear and hatred in conjunction,  
Make wretches that feel no compunction.

With colours flying, beat of drum,  
Unlike to this, see *Churchill* come!  
And now like *Hercules* he stands,  
Unmask'd his face, but arm'd his hands;  
Alike prepar'd to *write* or *drub*!  
This holds a *Pen*, and that a *Club*!  
A Club! which nerves like his can wield,  
And form'd, a wit, like his, to shield.  
Mine is the *Rosciad*, mine, he cries;  
Who says 'tis not, I say, he lies.  
To falsehood and to fear a stranger,  
Not one shall share my fame or danger;  
Let those who write with fear or shame,  
Those *Craftsmen*, scribblers hide their name!  
My name is *Churchill*! — Thus he spoke,  
And thrice he wav'd his knotted oak:  
That done, he paus'd — prepar'd the blow,  
Impartial bard! for friend and foe.

If

If such are manhood's feats and plan  
 Poor X, Y, Z, will prove no *man*.  
 Nor male? nor female? — then on oath  
 We safely may pronounce it *Both*.

What! of that wriggling, fribbling race,  
 The curse of nature, and disgrace?  
 That mixture base, which fiends sent forth  
 To taint and vilify all worth —  
 Whose rancour knows nor bounds, nor measure,  
 Feels every passion, tastes no pleasure;  
 The want of power, all peace destroying,  
 For ever wishing, ne'er enjoying —  
 So smiling, smirking, soft in feature,  
 You'd swear it was the gentlest creature —  
 But touch its pride, the *Lady-fellow*,  
 From sickly pale, turns deadly yellow —  
*Male, female*, vanish, — fiends appear —  
 And all is malice, rage and fear —

What in the heart breeds all this evil?  
 Makes man on earth a very devil?

Corrupts

Corrupts the mind, and tortures sense ?  
*Malignity with Impotence.*

Say Gossip Muse, who lov'ſt to prattle  
 And fill the town with tittle tattle —  
 To tell a ſecret ſuch a bliſs is !  
 Say for what cauſe theſe Maſter-Miſſes  
 To *Garrick* ſuch a hatred bore,  
 That long they wiſh'd to pinch him fore ;  
 To bind the monſter hand and foot,  
 Like *Gulliver* in *Lilliput*,  
 With birchen twigs to flea his ſkin,  
 And each to ſtick him with a pin ? —  
 Are things ſo delicate, ſo fell !  
 Can Cherubim be imps of hell ?  
 Tell us how ſpite a ſcheme begot,  
 Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plot :  
 O ſing in namby-pamby feet,  
 Like to the ſubject, tripping neat ;  
 Snatch every grace that fancy reaches ;  
 Relate their paſſions, plottings, ſpeeches ;

You,



You, when their PANFRIBBLERIUM fat,  
 Saw 'em conven'd, and heard their chat:  
 Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting,  
 Their nodding, frisking, and curvetting;  
 Each minute saw their rage grow stronger,  
 Till the dear things could hold no longer;  
 But out burst forth the dreadful vow,  
 TO DO A DEED!—*but When?* and *How?*  
 And *Where?*—O Muse, thy lyre new string,  
 The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to sing!  
 Say in what sign the fun had enter'd,  
 When these sweet souls on plotting ventur'd—  
 'Twas when the balmy breath of May,  
 Makes tender lambkins sport and play;  
 When tend'rer Fribbles walk, and dare  
 To gather nosegays in the air—  
 'Twas at that time of all the year  
 When flowers and butterflies appear,  
 When brooding warmth on nature lies,  
 And circulates the blood of flies,—  
 Then Fribbles were with Fribbles leaguings,  
 And met for plotting and intriguing.

There

There is a place, upon a hill,  
 Where cits of pleasure take their fill,  
 Where hautboys scream, and fiddles squeak,  
 To sweat the *ditto* once a week ;  
 Where joy of late, unmix'd with noise,  
 Of romping girls, and drunken boys ;  
 Where *Decency*, sweet maid, appear'd,  
 And in her hand brought *Johnny Beard* ;  
 'Twas *Here* — (for public rooms are free,)  
 They met to plot, and drink their tea.  
 Each on a fatten fool was seated,  
 Which nicely quilted, curtain'd, pleated,  
 Did all their various skill display :  
 Each work'd his own to grace the day —  
 Above the rest, and set apart,  
 A Chair was plac'd ; where curious art  
 With lace and fringe to honour meant  
*Him*, they should chuse their *President*.

No longer now the kettle fimmers,  
 The smoke ascends, or cotton glimmers ;

The

The tea was done, the cups revers'd ;  
 Lord TRIP began — “ May I be curs'd :  
 “ May this right hand grow brown and speckled,  
 “ This nose be pimpled, face be freckled,  
 “ May my flick monkey ne'er get up ;  
 “ May my sweet *Dido* die in pup,  
 “ Nay may I meet a worse disaster,  
 “ My finger cut, and have no plaister, —  
 “ No cordial drops when dead with vapour,  
 “ Be taken short and have no paper —  
 “ If I don't feel your wrongs and shame,  
 “ With such a zeal for FRIBBLE fame, —  
 “ So much my heart for vengeance thumps  
 “ You see it raging thro' my jumps” —  
 Then opening wide his milk-white vest,  
 They saw it flutt'ring in it's nest.  
 Some felt his heart, and some propose  
 Their drops — his lordship to compose —  
 The perturbation all agree,  
 Was partly fidgets, partly tea.  
 While some the drops, some water get,  
 Sir COCK-A-DOODLE, Baronet,

Arose — “ Let not this accident  
 “ The business of the day prevent !  
 “ That Lord’s my friend, my near relation,  
 “ But what’s one lord to all our nation ?  
 “ Friendship to patriot eyes looks small,  
 “ And COCK-A-DOODLE feels for all.  
 “ Shall one, tho’ great, engross your care,  
 “ While still unhonour’d stands that Chair ?  
 “ Might I presume to name a *Creter*,  
 “ Form’d for the place by art and *nater* ;  
 “ I would a dainty wit propose  
 “ To serve our friends, destroy our foes :  
 “ To fill the *Chair* so nicely fit,  
 “ His pride and passion match his wit ;  
 “ His wit has so much power and might,  
 “ It yields to nothing but his spite —  
 “ For wit may have its ebbs and flows,  
 “ But malice no abatement knows.”  
 Propose ! they cry’d, we trust in you —  
 Name him, Sir COCK-A-DOODLE — do —  
 “ Would you have one can joke and scribble ?  
 “ Whose heart and very soul is FRIBBLE —

“ Would

“ Would you have one can smile, be civil,  
 “ Yet all within a very devil —  
 “ Lay pretty schemes — like cobwebs spin ’em,  
 “ To catch your hated foe within ’em —  
 “ Let him a thousand times break thro’ ’em  
 “ Th’ *ingenious creter* shall renew ’em —  
 “ If mischief is your wish and plan —  
 “ Let \* FIZGIG, FIZGIG, be the man!  
 “ What say you? — Brethren! — shall it be?  
 “ Has he your voice?” — All cry’d — *ouy, ouy.*

At which, ONE larger than the rest  
 With visage sleek, and swelling chest,  
 With stretch’d out fingers, and a thumb  
 Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,  
 Rose up! — All knew his smirking air, —  
 They clap’d, and cry’d — the *chair*, the *chair*!  
 He smil’d — and to the honour’d feat,  
 Padled away with mincing feet:

So have I seen on dove house top  
 With cock’d up tail, and swelling crop,

\* Some say FITZGIG — The Reader may take his Choice.

A pouting pigeon wadling run,  
Shuffling, wriggling, noddling on.

Some minutes pass'd in forms and greeting,  
PHIL. WHIFFLE op'd the cause of meeting. —

“ In forty-eight — I well remember —  
“ Twelve years or more — the month November —  
“ May we no more such misery know!  
“ Since *Garrick* made OUR SEX a shew;  
“ And gave us up to such rude laughter,  
“ That few, 'twas said, could hold their water:  
“ For He, that play'r, so mock'd our motions,  
“ Our dress, amusements, fancies, notions,  
“ So lisp'd our words and minc'd our steps,  
“ He made us pass for *demi-reps*.  
“ Tho' wisely then we laugh'd it off,  
“ We'll now return his wicked scoff.  
“ Genteel revenge is ever slow,  
“ The dear *Italians* poyson so. —  
“ But how attack him? far, or near?  
“ In front, my friends, or in the rear?”

All



All started up at once to speak,  
 As if they felt some sudden tweak :  
 'Twas quick resentment caus'd the smart,  
 And pierc'd them in the tenderest part.  
 For these dear souls are like a spinnet,  
 Which has both sharp and sweet within it :  
 Press but the keys, up start the quills ;  
 And thus perk'd up these *Jack-my-Gills*.  
 Each touching, brushing as they rose,  
 Together rustled all their cloaths.  
 Thus, when, all hush'd, at *Handel's* air,  
 Sit, book in hand, the British fair,  
 A sudden whiz the ear receives,  
 When rustling, bustling, turn the leaves.

In all the dignity of form,  
 The Chairman rose to hush the storm ;  
 To order call'd, and try'd to frown, —  
 As all got up, so all sat down ; —  
 Sir DIDDLE then he thus address'd, —  
 “ 'Tis *yours* to speak, be mute the rest.”

When

When thus the knight—“Can I dissemble?  
 “Conceal my rage, while thus I tremble?  
 “O FIZGIG!—’tis that *Garrick’s* name,  
 “Now stops my voice and shakes my frame—  
 “His pangs would please—his death—Oh lud!  
 “*Blood, Mr. FIZGIG, Blood, Blood, Blood!*”  
 The thought, too mighty for his mind,  
 O’ercame his pow’rs—He star’d—grew blind—  
 Cold sweat his faded cheek o’erspread,  
 Like dew upon the lilly’s head;  
 He squeak’d and sigh’d—no more could say,  
 But Blood,—Blo—Blo—and dy’d away.  
 Thus when in war a hero swoons,  
 With loss of blood, or fear of wounds,  
 They bear him off—and thus they bore  
 SIR DIDDLE to the garden door;  
 Where sat LORD TRIP—Where stood for use,  
 Salts, Hartshorn, Peppermint, and *Eau de Luce*.

A pause ensu’d:—at length began  
 The valiant captain, PATTYPAN.

With

With kimbow'd arm, and tossing head,  
 He bridled up—“Wear I this red?  
 “Shall Blood be nam'd and I be dumb?  
 “For that, and that alone, I come.  
 “Glory's my call, and Blood my trade;  
 “And thus”—then forth he drew his blade—  
 At once the whole assembly shrieks,  
 At once the roses quit their cheeks;  
 Each face o'ercast with deadly white,  
 Not paint itself could stand the fright;  
 The roof with *Order, Order* rings,  
 And all cry out,—NO NAKED THINGS!  
 The captain sheath'd his wrath and pride,  
 And stuck the bodkin by his side.

More soft, more gentle than a lamb,  
 The reverend Mifter MARJORAM  
 Arose—but first with finger's tip,  
 He pats the patch upon his lip;  
 Then o'er it glides his healing tongue,  
 And thus he said---or rather sung.

“Sure

- “ Sure ’tis the error of the moon!  
 “ What, fight a mimic, a buffoon?  
 “ In *France* he has the church’s curse,  
 “ And *England*’s church is ten times worse.  
 “ Have you not read the holy writ,  
 “ Just publish’d by a Reverend Wit?  
 “ That every *Actor* is a *thing*,  
 “ A *Merry Andrew*, *paper king*,  
 “ A *puppet* made of rags and wood,  
 “ The *lowest son of earth*, mere mud;  
 “ Mere public game, where’er you meet him,  
 “ And cobblers as they please may treat him?  
 “ *Slave*, *coxcomb*, *venal*, and what not?  
 “ Ten thousand names that I’ve forgot—  
 “ Then risque not thus a precious life,  
 “ In such a low, *unmat’rel* strife,  
 “ And fure, to stab him would be cruel.—  
 “ I vote for — arsnick in his gruel.”

He said and smil’d—then sunk with grace,  
 Lick’d the patch’d lip, and wip’d his face.

A buz of rapture fill'd the room,  
 Like bees about a shrub in bloom :  
 All whisper'd round—" Was it not fine ?"  
 " O very—Very—'Twas divine !"  
 But soon as from the chair was seen.  
 A waving hand, and speaking mein,  
 A calm came on—The Chairman bow'd—  
 And smirking spoke—" I'm pleas'd and proud  
 " To mix my sentiments with yours :  
 " 'Tis prudence every point secures.  
 " Two friends with rapture I have heard ;  
 " One favours *arsnick*, one the *sword*—  
 " In both there's danger—but succeeding,  
 " Short pangs in *poy's'ning*, less in *bleeding* ;  
 " A sudden death's not worth a shilling—  
 " I'd have our foe nine years a killing."  
 Then from his bosom forth he drew  
 A crow-quill pen—" behold for you  
 " And your revenge, this instrument !  
 " From hell it came, to me 'twas sent :  
 " Within is poyson, sword and all ;  
 " It's point a dagger, dipt in gall :

- “ Keen ling’ring pangs the foe shall feel,  
 “ While clouds the hand that stabs conceal:  
 “ With this, while living, I’ll dissect him;  
 “ Create his errors, then detect ’em;  
 “ Swell tiny faults to monstrous size!  
 “ Then point ’em out to purblind eyes,  
 “ Which, like Polonius, gaze in air  
 “ For *ouzel*, *camel*, *whale*, or *bear*.  
 “ His very merit I’ll pervert,  
 “ And swear the oar is sand and dirt—  
 “ I know his quick and warm sensations,  
 “ And thence will work him more vexations—  
 “ Attended with some noisy cit,  
 “ Of strong belief, but puny wit;  
 “ I’ll take my seat, be rude and loud,  
 “ That each remark may reach the crowd;  
 “ At *Lear* we’ll laugh, be hard as rocks,  
 “ And sit at *Scrub* like barbers blocks:  
 “ When all is still we’ll roar like thunder;  
 “ When all applause—be mute, and wonder I  
 “ In this I boast uncommon merit—  
 “ I like, have prais’d, his genius, spirit;

“ His



" His various powers, I own, divert me---  
 " 'Tis his *success* alone has hurt me---  
 " My patriot hand, like *Brutus* strikes,  
 " And stabs and wounds where most it likes :  
 " *He*, as a *Roman*, gave the blow ;  
 " I, as a FRIBBLE, stab your foe ;  
 " He mourn'd the deed, would not prevent it, ---  
 " I'll do the deed---and then \* lament it."---

At this all tongues their hearts obey,  
 A burst of rapture forc'd it's way, ---  
 Bravo !---Bravissimo !---Huzza !

All 'rose at once---then hand in hand,  
 Each link'd to each, the heroes stand---  
 Like faries form a magic round,---  
 Then vow---and tremble at the sound---  
 By all that's dear to human kind,  
 By every tye can FRIBBLES bind ;  
 They vow---that with their latest breath  
 They'll stand by *Fixgig*---Life or death.

The

\* Some MSS. read *repent it*.

The kiss goes round the parting friends---  
 The chair is left---th' assembly ends.  
 Then each, his spirit to recruit,  
 For biscuits call, and candy'd fruit;  
 And sip, his flutter'd nerves to heal,  
 Warm water, sack; and orange-peel---  
 Then made as warm, [as warmth could make 'em]  
 All to their several homes betake 'em---  
 Save one, who, harra's'd with the chair,  
 Remain'd at *Hampstead* for the air---

Now, GARRICK, for the future know  
 Where most you have *deserv'd* a foe:---  
 Can you their rage with justice blame?  
 To you they owe their publick shame.---  
 Tho' long they slept, they were not dead;  
 Their malice wakes in X, Y, Z.---  
 And now bursts forth their treasur'd gall,  
 Through *him*,---COCK FRIBBLE of them all.

F I N I S .



4929 6









University of California  
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388  
Return this material to the library  
from which it was borrowed.

**NON-RENEWABLE**

REC'D LD-URI

MAY 07 1998

MAY 12 1998  
ILL

DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 173 184 3

Un